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**GILLETT'S LYE**

Prepared by Gillett Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## "ECHOES of the Past;

### The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XV.

She was so absorbed in the joy of recollection, of dreaming, that she started guiltily as a knock at the door broke the silence. She rose and opened the door, and stood gazing with surprise at the figure of a Hindu woman, with bronzed face, with big gold rings in her ears and her head enveloped in a white shawl which, with her white hair, showed in marked contrast to her swarthy, olive complexion. The woman had dark and piercing eyes, and she fixed them on Mina with a fierce scrutiny that stultified the fixed smile which twisted the small, full lips.

"You are the girl called Mina? Yes? I wanted to see you," she said in her broken English.

Mina inclined her head. She was at first almost too astonished to speak. "Will you come in?" she said at last.

Sara glided in and stood, smiling still, but still eying her with the scrutiny of the piercing eyes.

"Won't you sit down," said Mina. "Is it I you want to see, not my sister—Tibby, or Elisha?"

"It is you I want," said Sara, as she seated herself, still gazing at the girl. "You have a gentleman here, a sick gentleman, is it not so?"

The color rose to Mina's face, but she fought it down.

"You mean Mr. Clive?" she replied. "He has been here; but he has gone."

Sara nodded. That is well," she said slowly. "He is better?"

"Yes," said Mina, too engrossed in wondering what this strange woman could want with her to feel confused any longer. "Yes; he left this morning. He has been very ill, but he is better."

Sara looked round the room with a swift, all-embracing glance, then

her dark eyes returned to Mina's face.

"The sahib's—the gentleman's friends have been anxious about him," she said slowly, as if she were choosing her words, feeling her way. "They have missed him—it was natural."

Mina colored. "He did not wish them to be told," she said. Sara shrugged her shoulders. "So! He wished to be hidden—ah, yes."

She smiled, so that the blush grew hotter in Mina's face at the obvious insinuation. "That is like these sahibs, when there is a pretty face. You nursed him, Mees Mina?"

"I—we—why have you come, what is it you want?" demanded Mina, panting a little, but speaking calmly.

"In a little while I tell you," said Sara. She looked round again. "That is a fine piano. It cost a great deal of money. You buy it?"

"No," said Mina; then she added: "Mr. Clive gave it to us."

"Soh? He gave it to you. He is very kind is the sahib. And he got you jewels—why you not wear zem?" Mina rose and stared at the woman. "Got me—jewels? No!" she said. "Why do you—"

"Wait a moment," said Sara. "Why you so angry? The sahibs always give jewels to such as you." Mina bit her lip. "I—I don't understand—" she began.

Sara waved her hand and smiled, and again the smile brought the blush to Mina's face.

"How long you know the sahib?" she asked, leaning her chin on her skinny hand with its big Indian rings. Mina was silent a moment. "Not—long," she replied.

"Not long! And you call him Mr. Clive! But that's of course, eh, my dear, eh?"

"I call him Mr. Clive, yes," said Mina, with surprise. "That is his name."

"A part of his name, yes; his Christian name, as they say," said Sara. "Do you tell me that you did not know that he is Mr. Clive Harvey?" "Mr. Clive Harvey?" repeated Mina. "You did not know? Ah, well, that is the way of these sahibs. They hide their names sometimes, it is very wise."

"Hide—wise?" echoed Mina. "Why should he hide his name? And why have you come to ask me these questions? Please answer me. I don't know who you are, what right you have to say these things, to question me."

"I will tell you, dearie," said Sara with a smile, a gesture of friendly confidence. "I am the servant, the old nurse of the lady the sahib is going to marry."

Mina's hand closed and pressed on the table, but she neither started nor called out.

"Mr. Clive—Mr. Harvey is going to marry your mistress," she said slowly, in a dry voice. "Who is she? What is her name?"

"She is Lady Edith, the daughter of the great sahib, Lord Chesterleigh," said Sara as slowly, her eyes watching the girl's face intently.

Mina remembered the "Edith" which Clive had murmured in his delirium. She had thought of it, of course, very often; it might have been just that of a friend or acquaintance. But now she repeated it mechanically, with a sinking of the heart and a swift pang of jealousy—her first. But her eyes met steadily the dark ones fixed on her, she showed no sign of sudden fear, of the doubt that was creeping over her.

CHAPTER XVI.

There was a silence, during which Sara's expression changed in a subtle way, as if she had made a mistake

### Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Remedy and Save \$2 by Making it at Home

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. Two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, stirred for 2 minutes gives you as good syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 84 cents, 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly \$2. Full directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly and tastes good.

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in her estimate of the girl, as if she found it necessary to change her mode of attack; for she knew now, the knowledge had been growing upon her convincingly every moment, that whatever Mr. Clive Harvey's intentions were toward this girl, hers were good and true. The dullest comprehension—and Sara was as quick and acute as even a Hindu can be—could not fail to be impressed by Mina's innocence and purity. Sara's tone changed to one of persuasion and even sympathy.

"You are surprised," she said. "He did not tell you? Ah, yes; that is their way. These sahibs, they are all alike. It was wrong, it was wicked of him."

"You say—you say that Mr. Clive is going to marry this lady," said Mina at last, her voice very low, but as steady as her eyes. "Is it true?"

"It is quite true," said Sara. "Why should I say it if it were not? And why should it not be? My mistress is a very beautiful lady—oh, the most beautiful lady in the world." Her face softened, her tone grew lower, she clasped her hands in a kind of rapture. "She is fair, fair as a lily, with eyes like the sky, with hair like the sun for gold"—Mina remembered Clive's incoherent words, "Golden hair golden heart," and another pang shot through her heart—"she is as graceful as a fawn, as a Nautch girl; her voice is like music. She is peerless, lovely beyond words, is my mistress, the Lady Edith. All men are in love with her; all men want to marry her—why not Mr. Clive Harvey?"

Mina moistened her lips; they were dry and burning. "And she—she—" she breathed.

Sara shrugged her shoulders. "She loves him, yes," she replied with an air of resignation. "There are others more worthy, more wealthy, more noble of rank, and as handsome and as straight of form; but my mistress has cast a favorable eye on him. She is a woman like the rest of us, and will make her choice. It is a good marriage for him. He is poor and—what you call it?—ambitious. He wishes to be one of the rulers, one of your great men in public; and it will help him to get all he desires if he marries Lady Edith; for her father is a lofty nobleman, great, and rich, and powerful. He has been a ruler and will be again when the tide turns, and his friends come to power again. I do not understand these things and cannot explain; but so it is. With such a great man for his father-in-law, Mr. Clive Harvey will climb to a great height, and will be as rich and powerful. You understand?"

Yes; Mina understood. A heavy weight was pressing on her heart, her breath came slowly and painfully. Sara paused and arranged her shawl; and then went on in the same persuasive manner:

"I love my mistress; I love her better than life itself. She lay on my bosom when she was a little babe. She has grown into my heart." She struck her bosom with her skinny hand. "I have nursed her, watched over her, tended her, all her life. I would die willingly to gain half an hour's happiness for her. I am like a mother to her; she is like my child. I get everything for her she wants. If she want this Mr. Clive Harvey, she must

have him. That is why I come to you. One day I see him with a pretty girl, a very pretty young girl. It would not matter to me, if my mistress did not love him, if he did not love, were not going to marry her; but for my mistress' sake I must see what this means, so I follow her. At first I think that the young girl is—not a good girl, that she is one of those which one does not consider, a light of love who has taken this sahib's passing fancy; and it would not matter, if it did not come to the Lady Edith's knowledge. But I was afraid it would do so, that it would breed a quarrel between them and separate them, so I meant to stop it."

She paused again and, leaning forward, smiled at Mina, who sat quite motionless, but pale to the lips. "When I come here and see you, Mees Mina, and listen to you and look into your eyes, I see that I was wrong, that you are not a wicked girl."

The color stole over Mina's face, and her eyes were downcast for a moment, but for a moment only. "It is he that is wicked," continued Sara. "But these sahibs are all alike; it is the same here in England as it is in my country; they will all run after the young girls with the pretty faces. Ah, no; it is not you that is wicked, but he. That makes my work all the easier. I came to offer you money." Mina's eyes flashed and her hands clenched, and Sara hastened on: "I came to offer you money because if you had been the girl I thought you, you would have taken it." She shrugged her shoulders. "They all take money; it is all money, money, with them. But I do not offer it to you now. Ah, no! I wish to argue with you, to appeal to you. There is no doubt that Mr. Clive Harvey loves my mistress and will marry her—if you do not stand in the way. I truly think that he has a fancy for you; but—She spread out her hands—"it is but a passing fancy. He would not let it come between him and his fortune, his real life. He will tire of you—oh, very quickly. He would not marry you. I know these sahibs."

She leaned back and smiled and nodded her head sapiently. "They will not marry beneath them. And you, my pretty child, you are not of his caste, you are graceful and beautiful—ah, yes! But you are of lower rank, of the people; while he is of noble birth and already a great man."

Mina's lips moved and at last she altered in amazement: "Of noble birth? A great man!" Sara nodded again and smiled. "Yes; it is so. He did not tell you, he has hidden it from you? Ah, yes, it is easy to understand. He did not wish you to know, did not want you to trouble him when—he had done with you."

Mina rose and stood looking down at the swarthy, smiling face; but she said nothing and sank into her chair again, her hands clasped tightly, her eyes fixed on Sara, as she went on in her soft, broken English:

"You did not know that he is the son of a lord, the son of an earl, that he is one of your English Parliament, a lawmaker, and a ruler? He kept this from you, it is their way, the way they stalk their prey, these sahibs. Now, why should he hide all this from you if he meant well by you, if he meant to marry you? But he does not. He is going to marry my mistress, the Lady Edith; and he but amused himself—what you call it?—passed the time with a pretty girl."

Mina's hands grasped each other so tightly that the nails threatened to cut into the flesh, but she said nothing; she waited, and after a pause, Sara, bending still farther forward, continued, persuasively, insinuatingly:

(To be Continued.)

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